

HUSH! HUSH!! HUSH!!! HERE COMES THE TRAGIC BUG!

# EDDIE FOY, Badly Bitten, Will Go Mad as Hamlet

# CONNIE EDISS Is Crazy to Play Lady Macbeth

By Charles Darnton.

**H**APPY New Year! Grim Tragedy might just as well get ready to swap places with smiling Comedy, for Eddie Foy, the rising young tragedian of that pretty thing, "The Orphid," will go mad as Hamlet in the merry springtime, while Connie Ediss, the heavy tragedy queen of "The Girl Behind the Counter," is simply crazy to play Lady Macbeth. The tragic bug is abroad in the land of musical comedy. It has bitten Mr. Foy to the very soul and left him in such a serious condition over Hamlet that there is absolutely no hope of recovery. While Miss Ediss has developed alarming symptoms, there is no immediate danger. She is still able to sit up and take notice of the lighter side of life, though the worst may be expected if a bloodthirsty manager happens along and hands her a dagger.

These are the simple facts of the matter, as learned by professional visits to the victims of the tragic bug.

## Mr. E. Fitzgerald Foy.

Mr. Foy spoke boldly and to the point. "Yes," he said, "it's straight—I'm going to play Hamlet. Of course," he added, "I know I couldn't make a living as Hamlet, but I'm going to work at it for twelve nights in May, and if I can't by then I'll be satisfied. They say Shakespeare is food for thought, and as long as I can buy 'Hamlet' for 12 cents I don't see why I should go hungry, do you?"

Why, indeed? Fifteen cents for "Hamlet" with Foy possibilities struck me as an excellent investment. I recalled what his friend George M. Cohan had said when I asked him what he thought Foy would do with Hamlet. "I think he will do a great business," was George M.'s answer.

Mr. Foy's smile went upward at the Cohanism. "I hope the public will come to see me," he said. "I hope it will take me seriously. I don't want people to think I'm going to the graveyard to do a show. I may not look like Hamlet, but I'll feel like him. And I'm going to try to look like him. I think I can make him look like me."

Better than that, mused I. "You'll see me in a light wig," came further information. "I want to make Hamlet look as young as possible, but I'm going to dress him ancient—away back as far back as I can get him." I inquired about the arrangements for the production, and learned that the fearless tragedian would be managed by A. Toxen Worm, who put Mrs. Campbell in the tankard business, and Will A. Paige, former literary adviser to the elephants at the Hippodrome.

## Crying It on the Bow.

"They wanted to put me in the Metropolitan Opera-House for the two performances I will give in New York," said Mr. Foy, "but I thought that place would be too big for my voice. I want to play in a small theatre. My voice is the one thing I must be careful about. I'm training it now."

"Are you doing any other training?" I asked. "Well, I'm doing a little in my barn at New Rochelle," he confessed. "You should see the cow and chickens run around when I play Hamlet there. And then I play it to my wife and kids in the house. They don't say a word, or I'd lick one of the kids. I'm not going to any tutor and learn elocution. I let my own discretion be my tutor—that's a line from Shakespeare, you know. If I was a scholar, (bad luck to that, "was") and a deep student I couldn't give as good a performance as I'll be able to give in May. I can give Hamlet more abandon and intensity by playing it from my soul than I would if I played it from my head. I've got all the lines, and that's enough. I've been reading Shakespeare for twenty-five years, and I know what Hamlet means to me. Many can read Hamlet, but few can play him." (Epigram.)

"I know," he went on, "as though nothing had happened, that if I played the part for a hundred years I'd never play it well. But I think I'll surprise a few people who think I'm going to be a joke in it. They'll find me very serious. If I burlesqued the part the audience would scream at first, and then walk out of the theatre in disgust."

"Do you think your playing Hamlet will affect your reputation as a comedian?" I asked.

"I hadn't thought of that," he answered with a grin. "I've nothing to lose and everything to gain. I'm not a Shakespearean actor—I'm not an actor at all—only a clown who has been buffooning around and making children laugh. If I can get an audience to listen to me I'll be satisfied. I suppose I'll suffer, but I probably won't suffer as much as the audience. Anyhow, I'm going to do my best to make Hamlet seem natural."

## He Will Go Insane.

"No, sir; Hamlet wasn't sane. He went insane by setting his mind on one



"I may not look like Hamlet, but I'll feel like him"

purpose. That's what drives folks crazy. Look at the people in this town who are money mad. Money drives 'em crazy and then drives 'em to suicide. Did you ever hear of a tramp committing suicide? Did you ever hear of a bum blowing his head off? Hamlet goes off his head because his mind is set on one idea. His first speech to his mother: 'Seems, madame! Nay, it is, will be

the keynote to my performance. And I'm going to play it ancient. You can't play it modern. That's the trouble with most actors—they try to just talk Hamlet. But I'm not going to rant. I'll be careful to keep my voice down. I want to make the part sympathetic, and when I die I'll do it down stage—close to the audience."

"Will you feel any fear?" I inquired, but I'll bet people will scream when they hear that Connie Ediss wants to play Lady Macbeth. The rollicking tragedienne almost laughed herself out of her "blue" gown at the side-splitting thought. "And yet," she added, with a seriousness that lessened the strain on her shoulder straps, "I'm crazy to play Lady Macbeth. I think it's a lovely part,

don't you? I haven't any special ideas of how I'd play it, and if I had I wouldn't give 'em away. But I believe she's more of a woman and less of a tragedy queen than most actresses make her. I've never seen any one that I liked in the part—not even Ellen Terry. They always make her so awfully tragic."

"Would you make her a jolly sort?" I inquired hopefully.

"Oh, no!" she answered with a heave of horror. "No, I wouldn't go so far as that. But I'd make her a woman who thought an awful lot—who thought herself into doing what she did. Don't you think that would be nice?"

I thought it would be perfectly lovely. "U-m-m. You see, I've thought an awful lot about her. As I said, I've always been crazy mad to play her. If a manager should come to me with a proposition to play Lady Macbeth I should take it quite calmly and go ahead and play it. I suppose people think I'm only a squaky, squaky, musical comedy actress, but don't y-

know, I've just got a sort of a longing to play serious parts. I always feel more serious than funny. Funny, isn't it? I'm always thinking on the serious side of life. I think life is horribly serious, don't you?"

She gave me a large smile for agreeing with her.

"I know" (I can't put my pencil on her accent) "it was a very easy matter for me to make people cry when I was seventeen. I've had two thousand people weeping over one of my sad recitations—and I can move people still."

She looked as though she could move anything.

"Yes, indeed, I did. It only the other night, Miss Dresser, in the next dressing room there, will tell you so. It was at a little party she gave. Everybody was in tears when I gave a little recitation, and Mr. Heban—George Heban, I should say—had to leave the room. I should love to make people cry in the theatre. But of course it's a very ambitious idea

to play any part from Shakespeare, isn't it?"

"It might be for some, but—" "Now, that is nice of you!" she bubbled, "but an audience never takes a plump woman seriously. Not that I couldn't make myself look thinner. An actress looks thinner and feels thinner in a serious role, y' know. Oh, dear, yes! I think I could take off a hundred pounds in a really tragic role and I only weigh a hundred and fifty now."

Perhaps I betrayed a little surprise, for she quickly added:

"I'm not as fat as I look. No, it's the way I dress the part. I know I'm too fat for Ophelia, and I don't like myself that I'm seventeen any more. A woman of thirty never looks Ophelia, does she? But I don't think I am too fat for Lady Macbeth. If I played the part I shouldn't make her a really bad woman, and I should try to win sympathy for her. But, first of all, I'd make her natural, though, I suppose, people would get frightened to death if Shakespeare were played naturally. I'd like to stage-manage a Shakespearean play. I wouldn't have black curtains and gloomy surroundings. No, I'd have pretty chairs and things to brighten it up a bit. And I should play Shakespeare as it is written, though, of course, it would have to be cut in places, because Shakespeare is very 'blue' in spots, isn't it? Of course, in his time they were awfully frank about things. And the words that mean nothing to us in England sound very 'blue' over here, don't they? I've been in polite society here and said perfectly innocent things that have made me feel like sinking through the floor. I should be very careful if I played Shakespeare in this country."

"Would you rather play it in England?" "No, indeed! I wouldn't have a chance over there. They wouldn't criticize me fairly. They would expect me to be funny. You critic boys here would criticize my acting—and I love to be criticized! And it's wicked to say Shakespeare, don't you think so? If I played Lady Macbeth the block of stone would terrify me. That's why I should play it well. I am a highly sensitive woman. Am I talking like a silly ass? What? Well, that is nice of you."

## He Knows All Right.

An Irishman out of work applied to the "boss" of a large repair shop in Detroit. When the Celt had stated his sundry and diverse qualifications for a "job," the superintendent began quizzing him a bit. Staring quite at random, he asked:

"Do you know anything about carpentry?" "Sure!" "Do you know how to make a Venetian blind?" "Sure!" "How would you do it?" "Sure, I'd poke me finger in his eye!"



"I think Lady Macbeth is a lovely part!"

# The Land Ship Gets Its Second Start in a Gale, Lunging and Bumping Along; Kirk, Lonesome and Verging on Fear, Guides It From a High and Dizzy Perch.

## The Adventurer Lloyd Osbourne.

Copyright, 1907, by D. Appleton & Co.

feat they had already achieved. But the captain's sour face precluded any of the kind. "I hope you'll be a little party, that's all," he said, "and then we'll be off. Besides, they were odd and dazed, and only just beginning to recover from the frightful jolting they had undergone. "How long will it take you?" demanded the captain. Crawshaw reflected.

"I'll have to rig up a sort of telephone harness," he returned at length. "One for a man here, one for the fore-top, and another for the wheel. Say, a-hur, a-hur, a-hur!" "Mr. Kirkpatrick?" "Yes, sir."

"Get that storm trysail out of the sail-locks, bend it, and be ready to run it up!" "Oh, I say," put in Crawshaw, "I wish you'd tell Gibbs and Henderson to look over the trucks and see how the springs are standing. Tell them also to examine the journals, and make sure they're lubricated."

"Yes, you see to that, too, Mr. Kirkpatrick," added the captain with jealous authority. The gale was still raging, but the second start was less beset with terrors than the first. They knew now for certain what the Fortuna was capable of. The storm trysail, which was sent up first (the wind being now

on the port quarter), steadied the ship, and as she gathered way relieved the two other sails that followed. The muzzling, rattling, teeth-chattering motion recommenced. The Fortuna plunged forward with an increasing acceleration, bumping and quivering, lunging, rolling, and sending up a spray of clouds and dirt. Once more she was off, and every one on board braced and settled himself for the nerve-racking ordeal that had to endure till sundown.

Eight bells was struck. Kirk, gazing aloft, perceived Haines waving his hand to him. They were up to the bone and so chilled and cramped that their hands could hardly hold to the rattles. To make matters worse they were all more or less seasick with the violent, whipping movement of the mast. Kirk watched them leered with some anxiety, and breathed a sigh of relief when they safely reached the deck. Phelps was

put into the harness that Crawshaw had improvised. Kirk spoke through him. "Quarter-master, do you hear me?" "Yes, sir." "Quite plainly?" "Yes, sir." "What's your course?" "Sou'-sou'-east." "Is she likely to hold?" "Very difficult to say. Bucks like a bronco. Jerks the fellows off their pins, sir."

# Some More Clever Work by The Evening World's Art Club.

My Dear Young Friends and Artists of The Evening World's Art Club: I reproduce to-day some of the best efforts of your pencils made upon The Evening World's art fill-out of Dec. 17. These are particularly clever in execution and idea.

I am pleased to see the versatility of the students of this fascinating club. I will from time to time select for publication the first and fifth picture made upon The Evening World art cut-outs by a boy and girl of the Brooklyn branch of this art work, and of New York, and of out-of-town—that is to say, if they show an improvement upon the first one.

Just to show how this art work develops the creative genius, an artistic eye, and also gives a free hand in drawing—in fact, teaches originality, without which a subject seems very dull—I will at different times give out to the club sentences or descriptions for you all to illustrate. It is not to be afraid to send in your work, no matter how poor you may think it is, for it may have fine points which it would surprise you to know you possess. Also it is through criticism we learn to be perfect.

I can announce that the girls of The Evening World club have come out ahead of the boys this week in the greatest number of efforts sent in. The boys still hold the standard of best work, but the girls are coming along fine. Look out, boys, or the girls will take the standard next week.

Following are the names of Art Club members who have done excellent work: George Howie, No. 25 St. Paul's avenue, Jersey City. Mabel Harvey, No. 613 Ralph avenue, Brooklyn. Fred Slater, No. 165 Washington avenue, Bronx. R. W. Lichtenstein, No. 342 East Forty-sixth street, city.

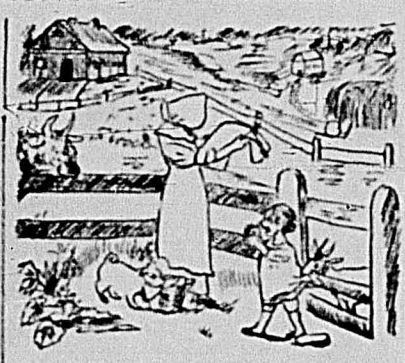
Grace Emily Milken, No. 15 West Thirtieth street, Bayonne, N. J. Naomi Bland, No. 1114, Fifty-fifth street, New York. Mabel, No. 27 East Ninety-



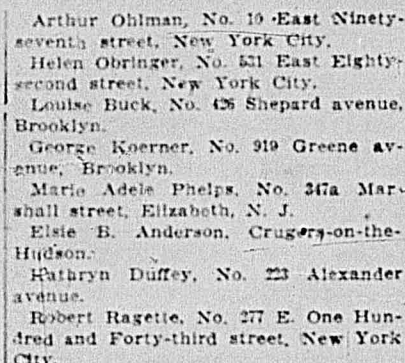
By H. V. No. 1630 Amsterdam avenue, city.—Your work is very bright. I think the cow would like to have that dog behind her heels just for a minute.



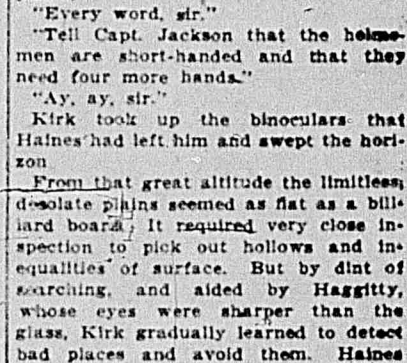
DIRECTIONS for completing the picture. This blank will test the architectural knowledge and skill of young artists. You can put in windows, domes, roofs, houses, people, or anything which will make a pleasing picture. When finished give your subject a suitable title, cut it out of the paper and mail it to "Children's Editor, Evening World, P. O. Box 1354, New York, N. Y."



By Robert L. Fawcett, Highland Falls, N. Y.—Your picture is very funny and well done. "All going, nothing coming out," is quite a title. I think the farmer's wife is so interested in the comic pictures of The Evening World that she is oblivious to everything about her.



By Alfred J. Demmers, No. 363 Pacific avenue, Jersey City, N. J. Your picture is very funny, indeed. The cow in particular (if you may call the object behind the fence) does look very much concerned about something.



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## CHAPTER XVII. The Start.

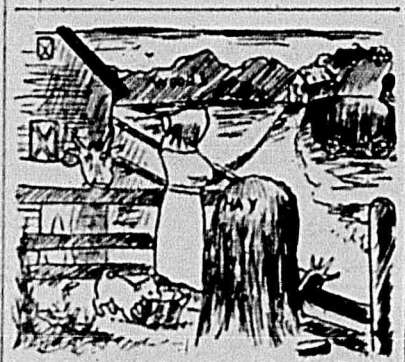
KIRK turned away, only to meet the little engineer himself. He was bearing from the fact that he looked half dazed and the cost was half wiped off his back. "Isn't she splendid?" he cried. "Sails like a witch, and as smooth as a phosphen. Hardly know that you weren't on water. I've been logging her, and would you believe it, she's been doing seventeen!"

The captain grimly brought him back to earth. "We've been running blindfolded," he said. "Heaven only knows what we've escaped! More luck than good guidance, I can tell you. See here, Crawshaw, you've got to fix those speaking tubes better. I insist on it. We can't trust out lives to a tin squeal. Call them up at, and see for yourself how rotten bad they are!"

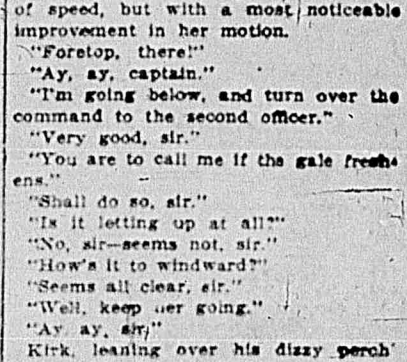
Jackson's scornful and fault-finding tone angered Crawshaw. He pursed his lips together, and without another word went over to the apparatus. In their moment of triumph, of signal and assured success, it seemed hard to him that there should be no general celebration over the wonderful



By Arthur Sachs, No. 22 West One Hundred and Twelfth street, New York. Picture fine. Figures placed correctly in regard to proper proportion, and subject is quite amusing. Let me see your effort upon to-day's partial glass cut-out.



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